

"Saved Her Life."



MRS. JOHN WALLEY, of Jefferson, Wis., than whom none is more highly esteemed or widely known, writes: "In 1897 I had a severe attack of LaGrippe and at the end of four months, in spite of all physicians, friends and good nursing could do, my lungs heart and nervous system were so completely wrecked, my life was despaired of, my friends giving me up. I could only sleep by the use of opiates. My lungs and heart pained me terribly and my cough was most aggravating. I could not lie in one position but a short time and not on my left side at all. My husband brought me Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure and I began taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and continuing persistently I took about a dozen bottles and was completely restored to health to the surprise of all."



The Wicked Flee



And Spain's fleet is about as hard to find as the elusive flea. When you put your finger on him he isn't there. It is just about as hard to find.

Rich and Pure

ICE CREAM : :
AND FRUIT ICES

And with such delicious flavor as we give the public to select from. KRELL & MATH manufacture their Ice Cream from the purest and richest cream to be had in this section of the country, and they claim that for richness and delicious flavoring they have no equal. We have paper packages to carry Ice Cream home in. It will keep nicely until you get home.

KRELL & MATH

Party Supply House.

Phone 1156. 1716-1718 Second Avenue.

TRY a Thirst Quencher at our Soda Fountain.



Improving

the opportunity is wise. Ice cream is Cupid's favorite weapon of war. Fair ones enjoy eating cream all the more because it leaves a cool impression after it, and does not, like some drinks, lower the temperature a little only to raise it much more afterward. Young men who adopt our ice cream tactics never lose their suit. We advise this plan of campaign in every case.

White Palace of Sweets.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CHILEAN AND PERUVIAN IRONCLADS.

The Destruction of the Huascar Off the Bolivian Coast—A Terrible Slaughter—What a Fight Between Modern War Vessels Means.

In The Century Claude H. Wetmore has an article on "A Famous Sea Fight," describing the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879. Mr. Wetmore says:

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Gran had come to the men in the turret through the speaking tube from the conning tower, but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering ram, the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to the narrow little ladder that led to the tower he signalled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning tower and had taken off Gran's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferre, the admiral's aid. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube flap to give his directions, but as he did so the Huascar staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted and 20 men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships—they could no longer make out which, nor did they care—and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the first aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the Huascar that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon, took the place, and as he did so he called through an aperture telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries and sink with her if necessary. Over and over upon the wheel, but the Huascar's head still pointed between the Chileans.

"Port! Port, I say!" screamed the commander. "She won't answer," came back the sudden reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive. The bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet. "A shot has carried away the star-board steering gear, sir," reported an ensign, and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth. The Huascar now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white and red flattered from the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts, and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning tower. With coats and waistcoats off the surgeons had been laboring in the wardroom upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled

down the companionway like so much butchered beef, for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling. While they were sawing, amputating and bandaging a shell tore into the wardroom, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunate who were stretched upon the table awaiting their turn under the knife and those who lay upon the floor suffered no more pain. They were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine room were a score or more of non-combatants—stewards, pantry-men and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns. It was filled with powder smoke, and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the Huascar had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly there came a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one passed the word that the mainmast had been shot away. As it came down it brought living men to be dashed to death, also corpses that had been hanging over the sides of the military top.

He Could See Through Them. Carl Hertz, the well known conjurer, once entertained a company at a friend's house by performing some of his cleverest tricks. One of the parlor maids, who had been passing cups, cakes, glasses and so on, was much interested, and when the hostess gave a sign that nothing more was needed the girl still lingered to see the completion of the trick just begun.

"Will, some one oblige me with a heavy shawl or cloak?" Hertz said. "Now," he went on, selecting a big cashmere shawl, "you observe the thickness of the shawl?" They all did, including the maid at the door. "Now, will one of you be good enough to write a number of three figures on a piece of paper, being careful not to let me see what is written?" One of the ladies did so, while the maid at the door leaned forward and began to breathe hard.

"Now place the written paper, with the figures on the upper side, under the shawl as I hold it." It was done, the thickness of the shawl being between Hertz and the paper as he looked down toward it. There was breathless silence. Then he said, "Sorely the number is 761." It was. He had apparently seen right through the thick shawl. Every one was amazed.

Then upon the silence broke the shriek of the maid at the door. With one final gaze at the shawl and one at the conjurer she hid her rosy face in her hands, yelling at the top of her voice, "What's the good of me clothes?" and fled.—Argonaut.

A Man of System. A newspaper man of some celebrity as a disciplinarian was noted about his office for the extreme disorder of his own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his employees, he gave his own pigeonholes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was Washington's birthday.

It happened one year nevertheless that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who happened in at his office on the morning of Feb. 23 was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter of letters and papers.

"How does this happen, Mr. —?" he asked. "Forgot it," shortly answered the editor. "Well, you're going to clean things up today, aren't you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "That job goes over, under the rules, for another year. You don't suppose I am going to set an example of irregularity to the boys, do you? Not much!"

And he cleared away a space on his desk and began writing an editorial on the tariff.—Youth's Companion.

The Awkward Orderly. A young wag of an officer, making a morning call upon his superior in the latter's tent, found him sound asleep, perhaps a little the worse for a night's tarrying over the flowing bowl.

The officer was tall, and the cot was short, so that his feet stuck out at the foot of the bed. Instead of waking him the visitor took the spurs from a pair of boots standing by the bedside, strapped them to the sleeper's ankles and went away. The officer had pretty well lacerated himself about the shins and ankles before he woke up and instantly yelled to his orderly.

"What do you mean by this?" he screamed to the latter, pointing to his feet, which were scarred and bleeding. The orderly looked at the spurs in consternation. "I'll forgive you this time, for you did it in the dark," said the officer, "but the next time you yank my boots and socks off so quick that it leaves my spurs on I'll give you ten days in the guardhouse, do you hear?"—New York Tribune.

Author of "Sweet Bye and Bye" Dead. Richmond, Ills., June 12.—Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett, the author of the popular hymn, "The Sweet Bye and Bye," died Saturday evening at the age of 61. Dr. Bennett had been ailing seriously for over a year, and for many months his sight had been affected.

Anson in the Ball Field Again. New York, June 12.—Adrian C. Anson, for many years with the Chicagoes, is now the manager of the New York Base Ball club. The contract with President Freeman was signed Saturday and Anson sat on the bench with the players and directed the game.

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Capt. James Coleman, the veteran steamboatman, died last week at Independence, Iowa, aged 72. For two years his health had been failing. He had lived in Davenport since 1837, being a native of Guernsey county, Ohio. His wife died in 1856. One daughter, Mrs. W. J. Sanborn, of Iowa, survives.

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